

"FORWARD MARCH!"

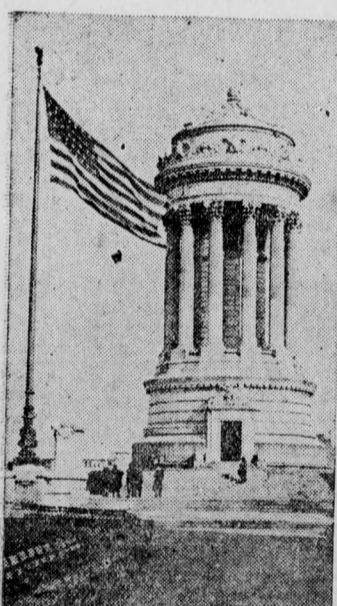


Photo by American Press Association.

A LYRIC FOR MEMORIAL DAY

By JOEL BENTON

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LIFT up once more the tinted bars,
From tower and steeple give them
way.On whose bosom shine the stars,
Let freedom's flag the kiss of May
Feel in all its folds today.In state and town, in port and bay,
Fling the nation's colors out.
Let the bands of music play
And pensive strains float all about
While speech and song and flowers gay
Come to crown Memorial day.In the isles of many a sea,
On the mainland broad and free,
Where'er a soldier's grave is found,
With sweet blossoms wreathes it round,
For here no scepter is nor throne—
Here no tyrant rule is known.Tell it so the world may know
What today we surely owe
To the heroes of the past—
May their sacred offering last
In the memories that survive,
In freedom's name they kept alive,
And down the serried years to come,
Hailed be their martyrdom!

OUR HEARTS AND OUR LIVES FOR OUR COUNTRY.

O beautiful my country, ours once
more!
Smoothing thy gold of war dishev-
eled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other
wore
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay
bare.
What words divine of lover or of
poet
Could tell our love and make them
know it,
Among the nations bright beyond
compare?
What were our lives without
thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will
dare!
—From Lowell's "Commemoration
Ode."

Deaths in the Federal Ranks.
According to the latest official compilation, the whole number of deaths among officers and enlisted men of the Federal army during the war of the rebellion, as shown by the official records, was 359,528. The actual number, however, must be somewhat larger, because it is known that many of the records, especially those of southern prisons, are far from complete. The number of deaths by causes in the United States army during the war of the rebellion is shown in this table:

	Off.	Enlist-	Total
Killed in action.....	4,142	62,916	67,058
Died of wounds re- ceived in action.....	2,223	40,789	43,012
Died of disease.....	2,735	221,731	224,486
Accidental deaths (ex- cept from drowning).....	142	3,372	4,114
Drowned.....	106	4,833	4,944
Murdered.....	37	483	520
Killed after capture.....	14	90	104
Committed suicide.....	23	365	391
Executed by United States military au- thority.....	—	267	287
Executed by enemy.....	4	69	64
Died from sunstroke.....	5	208	213
Other known causes.....	62	1,512	1,534
Causes not stated.....	28	12,033	12,121
Total	9,584	349,944	359,528

The Home Guards.

One of the standing jokes of the civil war, especially in the north, was the following bylaws of the Bungtown riflemen, an imaginary organization:

"Article First.—This company shall be known as the Bungtown riflemen.
"Article Second.—In case of war this company shall immediately disband."

AN INCIDENT WARS



In
behind.
ars old, I was
art of the general
e farm owned by my
ed in Buchanan county,
ar a village called Taos.

assing over the ridge approaching a small meadow at the foot of the orchard on the west side of the farm house, I saw about sixty men dressed in red shirts and black trousers, each gathering an armful of new mown hay from the various cocks piled here and there over the mowed ground. As the several men found their way back toward the house along the winding path leading through the orchard I noticed that each one wore a belt from which hung over each hip a large leather scabbard, in which rested a revolver commonly known as Colt's six shooter or navy pistol.

The scene was not uncommon except in the number of men together. The improvised uniform of red shirt and black trousers meant the type of men who rode with Quantrell and his guerrillas. This bunch was under the command of Captain Fletch Taylor, whose left arm had been shot off in a skirmish with Jennison and his Kansas Raiders only a short time prior to this.

On reaching the house I learned from my father who Captain Taylor was and what he wanted. The captain said his men were tired and hungry, having had no rest the last twenty-four hours, and that he wanted supper prepared at once for sixty men. My father told the captain that, being a southern sympathizer, he had been compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the Union and therefore he could not feed or harbor Confederate soldiers. Besides, it also became his duty under his oath to inform the Union forces nearest by of the presence of any Confederate soldiers in his neighborhood. The captain replied that his men would feed themselves from the smokehouse and kitchen (which they proceeded to do) and that men who informed on him and his men did not live long thereafter, notwithstanding "oath of allegiance" and all other such nonsense.

The mission of Captain Taylor through that portion of Missouri at that particular time was supposed to be for recruiting purposes and incidentally to retaliate on a few Union soldiers stationed at Arnoldsburg, a small town in the east side of the county. A southern sympathizer had been killed near Arnoldsburg, presumably by some Union soldier, a few days before, and this meant sure death to one or more Union men in the same neighborhood, preferably Union soldiers if such could be found in the locality. Taylor had learned of the presence of a company of Union men at Arnoldsburg, and after partaking of refreshments and resting an hour or two at my father's home he and his men moved off in the darkness and stillness of night down the road in the direction of the little village of Arnoldsburg.

At the break of day on the following morning the inhabitants of the scattered homes constituting this small town were aroused by the sound of firearms within their very midst. There was only one street, called Main street, which was, in fact, only an improved portion of the county road passing, as it did, north and south through the village. The Union soldiers were quartered in the second story of the only general merchandise store in the town, and after partaking of refreshments and resting an hour or two at my father's home he and his men moved off in the darkness and stillness of night down the road in the direction of the little village of Arnoldsburg.

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Captain Taylor and his men lost no time in charging the Union soldiers now drawn up in line along the end of the building. The red shirts were at the disadvantage of having only small firearms—side arms—while the Union men had muskets, which carried double the distance the navy revolver could reach. The rebels on horseback dashed as they approached under full speed, firing as they rushed by, with

son soldiers stood
lding volley after vol-
the charging line of cav-
dozen men in blue dropped to
ground, and it seemed for a mo-
ment all must perish under the un-
ring aim.

Captain Taylor was seen to fall from his horse, pierced by a musket ball through the left side below but near the shoulder. In an instant the firing ceased on the part of the red shirts, and a rush was made to the spot where Captain Taylor had fallen. A dozen men dismounted and the wounded man was picked up and placed in the saddle in front of one of the strongest men on a powerful steed, that cantered away with the two men on his back as if accustomed to the weight.

The Union soldiers, after caring for their dead and wounded, hurriedly gathered up and saddled their own horses and started south along the county road in pursuit of the bushwhackers, who seemed satisfied with the morning's work and retreated in the direction whence they had come.

With an hour's start Captain Taylor had no difficulty in eluding his pursuers. He found in calling the roll at the noon hour in the walnut grove near Taos that two of his boys were gone, killed in the first charge at Arnoldsburg, and a number were slightly wounded. I say "his boys" because there were not more than half a dozen men in his company over the age of twenty-one.

Among the number wounded under Captain Taylor was a young man of good family whose boyhood days had been spent in our neighborhood and a part of the time at our district school. He was only eighteen years of age, but a young man of great physical development, strength and beauty. His name was Billie Feland. It was he who rode behind the wounded captain, giving no heed to a shot which had plowed its way through the flesh of his own right leg in the thigh just above the knee.

After helping to dress the wound of his captain in such a manner as to enable that individual to ride alone, he asked to be allowed to remain in the grove under a natural shelter of bushes near the creek half a mile distance from the main traveled road, stating he would be able after dark to reach his father's house, only two miles away. Within an hour after his friends left him Feland's wounds began to bleed afresh and in another hour he was so weak from loss of blood that he feared the end would soon come. He crawled near the public road and attracted the attention of a lady on horseback, who proved to be the wife of the officer in charge of the Union troops at Arnoldsburg. She had spent the night at Taos and had not learned of the skirmish at her home town. She declined to summon help unless Feland told her how and where he was wounded. It seemed only a question of manner of death with him, so he gave a true account of the morning's engagement. She hurried off, not to the home of young Feland, as he had requested, but to her own home, where she told her husband of what she had seen.

A squad was sent to capture and bring back the young rebel to the scene of the morning engagement and to his certain death. By night they returned with young Feland lying in the army wagon with no bedding or even straw to protect him from the jolting motion of the vehicle.

At sunrise the next morning the wounded rebel was propped up on a dry goods box in the middle of the street at the point called Public square, and six men were detailed to shoot him, three guns loaded with blank cartridges and three with musket balls. Before taking the position to fire an officer approached young Feland with a handkerchief, intending to blindfold him.

"No, draw aside the drapery of gloom
And let the sunshine chase the
clouds away
And gild with brighter glory every
tomb
We decorate today,
And in the holy silence reigning
round,
While prayers of perfume bless
the atmosphere
Where loyal souls of love and faith
are found,
Thank God that peace is here!
And let each angry impulse that
may start
Be smothered out of every loyal
breast,
And, rocked within the cradle of
the heart,
Let every sorrow rest.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

STEPED OUT AND SAID, "LOOK AT ME."

With a handkerchief, intending to blind-

fold him.

"No, draw aside the drapery of gloom
And let the sunshine chase the
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And gild with brighter glory every
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—James Whitcomb Riley.

The SPIRIT of '61



Photo by American Press Association.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

By ALICE E. ALLEN

A LITTLE old forgotten cemetery
Where sunlight softly streams,
Where birds and bees and blooms of
May make merry
And winds are sweet with dreams;
A few old fashioned monuments half
broken,
Around which grasses wave,
No other sign of memory or token
By which to mark a grave,



Except an apple tree, which stoops and
offers
A branch of blossoms gay
To one low mound, like some kind heart
that proffers
With love its best bouquet.
Through tears I read what Time, all
else effacing
By rain and frost and sun,
Has left upon the stone in tender trac-
ing,
"A Boy of Sixty-one!"

Wanted War to Go On.

During the civil war in a car on a railroad which runs into New York a dramatic scene was enacted. A person dressed as a gentleman, speaking to a friend across the car, said:

"I hope the war may last six months longer. If it does I shall have made enough money to retire from business. In the last six months I've made \$100,000. Six months more and I shall have enough."

A lady sat behind the speaker and necessarily heard his remarks. When he had finished speaking she tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Sir, I had two sons. One was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, and the other was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro."

She was silent for a moment, and so were all around who heard her. Then, overcome by her indignation, she suddenly slapped the speculator, first on one cheek and then on the other. Before the fellow could say a word the passengers sitting near who had witnessed the whole affair seized him and pushed him from the car.

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City Clerk, S. M. Street.
City Treasurer, Stilman A. Brown.
City Attorney, Frederick Baker.
City Engineer, Ed. M. Lynch.
Emil F. Tholen, M. D., Health Officer.
Street Supt., J. L. Fishback.
City Recorder, Geo. C. Melrose.
Township Justice, Geo. C. Melrose.
City Marshall, Jonas W. Gould.
Board meets every Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1912

SAYS EVERYONE GOES TO HELL

Well-Known Bible Student Has Original Ideas on Final Destination

DECLARES HELL IS GRAVE

Asserts That Nowhere in the Bible
is There Anything That
connects Hell With Fire

Alfred L. Ritchie, a Bible student of wide reputation in the United States and Canada, declares that everyone goes to hell. Mr. Ritchie has some interpretations on the Bible that appear sensational and along a new line. In an interview recently he gave out some interesting information regarding various prominent Bible subjects that require more than ordinary consideration to obtain their full meaning.

"I have a new cure for infidelity," declared Mr. Ritchie. "To prescribe the remedy we must find the cause, which I believe is the inability of the people to understand how a God of all Love and Wisdom and Justice, and having all Power, could permit present conditions and conduct human affairs as proclaimed by the dominant creeds of Christendom. Unbelievers choke at the idea of the great Creator providing an eternity of any kind of torture for His own creatures, especially if He was gifted with the fore-knowledge that most of the human family go there, and that He had all Wisdom to plan otherwise, and all Power to do as He pleased. Truly the general religious teaching on this line is a foe to reason and the mother of doubt."

The Bible Glorifies God

"The Bible, taken as a whole, presents no such idea of our blessed Heavenly Father, but praises, glorifies and exalts His holy character. And so, when understood, it will be as natural for average human beings to emulate, love and praise God as it has been in all human history for them to worship as leaders and heroes those who have shown greatness of character, either in power or wisdom or benevolence. When rightly shown the character of our God will compel the admiration and loyalty of the masses infinitely more than the character of a Caesar, or a Napoleon, or an Edison, or a Bryan, or a Roosevelt. What is the reason that the character of God is so little reverenced, that the Holy Name of Himself and of the Saviour are made the commonest "cuss" words? We answer that it is because His character is blasphemed by the erroneous "Hell" teaching of deceived Christianity."

"Well did Pastor Russell, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Tabernacle say, 'If the Bible does teach that eternal torture is the fate of all except the saints, it should be preached, yea, thundered, weekly, daily, hourly! If it does not so teach, the fact should be made known, and the foul stain dishonoring God's Holy Name removed!' I understand a free copy of his pamphlet, *Food for Thinking Christians*, which examines every mention of Hell in the Bible, can be had by addressing him."

"Everybody goes to Hell. Why? Because Hell is the grave, or death condition, to which good and bad alike go to remain until the blessed time of resurrection, judgment, and restoration to perfection of all the obedient. The Hebrew word sheol is positively the only "hell" word in the Old Testament. Its Hebrew definition is the unseen state, or the place of the dead. It occurs sixty-five times, and nowhere is the word fire associated with it."

No Work in Sheol

"Solomon said, 'There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in sheol.'

and he adds, 'whither thou goest.' Why? Because all in Hell are dead. Referring to the resurrection, the Revelator says 'Death and Hell (marginal reference reads 'or the grave') delivered up the dead (not the living) which were in them.'

"Sheol is translated twenty-nine times as 'hell,' three times as 'pit,' and thirty-three times as 'grave.' In the revised version, 'sheol' is translated as 'hell' only about twenty times, of the sixty-five times, and its Greek equivalent, 'hades,' occurring eleven times in the New Testament, is not translated as 'hell' at all, but is left untranslated, because the Bible revisers knew it did not mean eternal torment.

"Only sixteen out of the sixty-six Bible books use the word 'hell' in the English translation. St. Paul wrote fourteen books of the New Testament, but never mentioned 'hell fire.' John never mentioned it in his Gospel, nor in his three Epistles; nor did Peter in his two Epistles, nor Ruth, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Jeremiah, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Obadiah, Nahum, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah or Malachi. Strange that all these holy Apostles and Prophets did not harp upon the danger of falling into that lake of fire which is supposed to be the doom of billions of humanity!

"No wonder that men turn away in disgust, full of fear and doubt! No wonder that church pews are empty and no one seems to care! No wonder that hundreds of thousands are infidels, or are fast becoming such! The sure cure, the only cure, is to get a knowledge of God's true character, for to know Him is to love Him. With present-day Bibles, Bible Helps, Concordances, Bible Dictionaries and Studies in the Scriptures, no one need be in the dark."

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC INSTITUTES
COMMENDABLE INQUIRY
BOARDS**

San Francisco, May 3—Boards of Inquiry will hereafter be convened to ascertain the cause and fix the responsibility, where such immediate cause is not clearly manifest, for all accidents on the Southern Pacific, according to information made public in the general offices of the Southern Pacific here today. Full publicity as to the findings of such inquiry boards will also be given.

This is a new move on the part of the Southern Pacific and is in line with its policy of full publicity for accidents adopted several years ago.

Following an accident that is not of minor consequence the ranking official on the division on which the accident occurs, shall convene the board, which board shall comprise two disinterested persons not connected with the railroad, and the division officers representing the operating, mechanical and engineering departments. The board must visit the scene of the accident and must take the testimony of employees and eye-witnesses, persisting in the investigation until the causes are determined. Should a division board of inquiry fail to reach a conclusion a second board comprising higher officials shall be convened and if the findings of the second board be not conclusive the general manager will convene a third board.

The instructions to officers who shall convene inquiry boards state specifically that the responsibility must be fixed regardless of individuals or interests affected. The findings must be turned over to the general manager and from the latter's office to the press. Prominent business men from the neighborhood in which an accident may occur usually sit as members of such boards and of several inquiries already held the findings of these boards have all been unanimous.

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FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for rents. 75 cents and up per week. Mrs. Geo. Baird, 525 Cypress St.

FOR SALE—Pony-Cart and harness Complete. Just what you want for the children. Glendale Stables, Glendale, Cal.

FOR SALE—Unfurnished room house in Tropico, O. E. Burch, Sentinel Office.

FOR SALE—Cheaper one iron bed with new springs. Call at 540 N. Central Ave., Tropico, or phone Home 1773.

Subscribe for the Home paper, Tropico Interburar Sentinel. \$1.00 per year.

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FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN: BELGIAN HARES; or trade' for WHITE LEGHORNS. Address 526 N. Central Ave.

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**How to Be Beautiful.**

"I want to look as pretty as possible, but I have lamentably little time to spend in beauty processes," is the cry of the busy woman. There is every excuse apparently for the daily inattention to the small cares of the toilet, but at the same time the girl who neglects her appearance is paying too great a price and is her own worst enemy!

Now is the moment to begin a systematic plan of campaign and to follow some of the rules laid down here. The care of the hands and nails is an important matter. Keep on the toilet table a jar of lemon juice and glycerine mixed, and every time the hands are washed and dried rub this lotion well into the cuticle. This will take barely a minute and will keep the hands soft and white. A little damp brown sugar rubbed into the hands when they are particularly soiled will in many cases remove many stains.

Nails that are brittle are the despair of many women, but if a little vaseline is used every night the trouble may be overcome, or a very good paste to rub in at night after the hands are washed and the nails cleaned is composed of an ounce of white vaseline mixed with one dram of powdered castile soap.

The busy woman often suffers from tired feet. Sometimes this feeling arises from high heeled shoes, or it may be the reverse case, for shoes that are "down at the heels" are just as likely to produce the same effect. If the engagements of the day are to be fulfilled without undue fatigue, then the proper poise of the body must be maintained, and this is impossible if comfortable footwear is not worn.

Bathing the feet at night in hot water and a little soda will relieve the tired and swollen feeling, and it is a good plan to powder the soles with boracic acid powder, mixed with a little orris root, if perfume is desired.

Not only should a good skin food be used for the face, but attention must also be given to the neck. The recent fashion of wearing low collars has proved very beneficial for the busy woman, who has doubtless seen a great improvement in the shape of her throat and color of the skin, and even though high collars may again be in vogue it will be well for many women to keep the plan of wearing the round collar in the house.

To build up the tissues of the skin and to massage the neck and throat use lanolin and oil of sweet almonds in almost equal proportions. These can be incorporated together by placing them in a jar put in a pan of boiling water. A small pinch of tannin will give a certain degree of astringency to counteract the oiliness of the lanolin and sweet almonds. The ingredients should be well stirred before the tannin is added, and then the whole compound should be well beaten.

Don'ts For Eyes.
The woman who wants to look youthful and beautiful must not neglect the care of her eyes and incidentally the brows and lashes, for these affect both the health and beauty of the eye. There is a peculiar fascination about a pair of fine eyes that no woman can afford to ignore. The first thing to be looked after is their health. No eyes that are not healthy can possibly be beautiful. If there is anything wrong with your sight consult an oculist and never allow any one but a skilled person to tamper with them.

If you have nice eyes and wish to keep them here are some simple don'ts to remember:

Never read facing the light.

Hold the book on a level with the eyes.

Don't read on a moving train.

Don't read while you rock.

Don't tax your eyes when you are tired or hungry.

Don't try to read just one minute more in the dark.

Don't use your eyes when they smart. Smarting means that it is time to give them a rest.

Don't unnecessarily face the bright sun.

Don't form nervous habits with the eyes.

Cider For Freckles.

Since so many other simple home remedies have come in for a share of consideration in the treatment of these persistent little brown spots on the skin it would seem only fair to give this suggestion a trial. The method consists in washing the face each day with warm cider, which is said to remove the lighter ones. Darker ones, it is hinted, will come out with vinegar, but as this bath is very likely to burn the skin it is necessary to remove the vinegar with warm water and cold cream.

Almond oil is used to bring the desired whiteness to the hands. The hands should be dipped in the oil, then in French chalk and incased in a pair of old gloves overnight. Another plan recommended as a hand beautifier is to wash with peroxide, letting it dry on the hands, then rub in a good cold cream and don old kid gloves.

In the morning wash off with lemon juice, vinegar or cider, hot water and a good skin cream.

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